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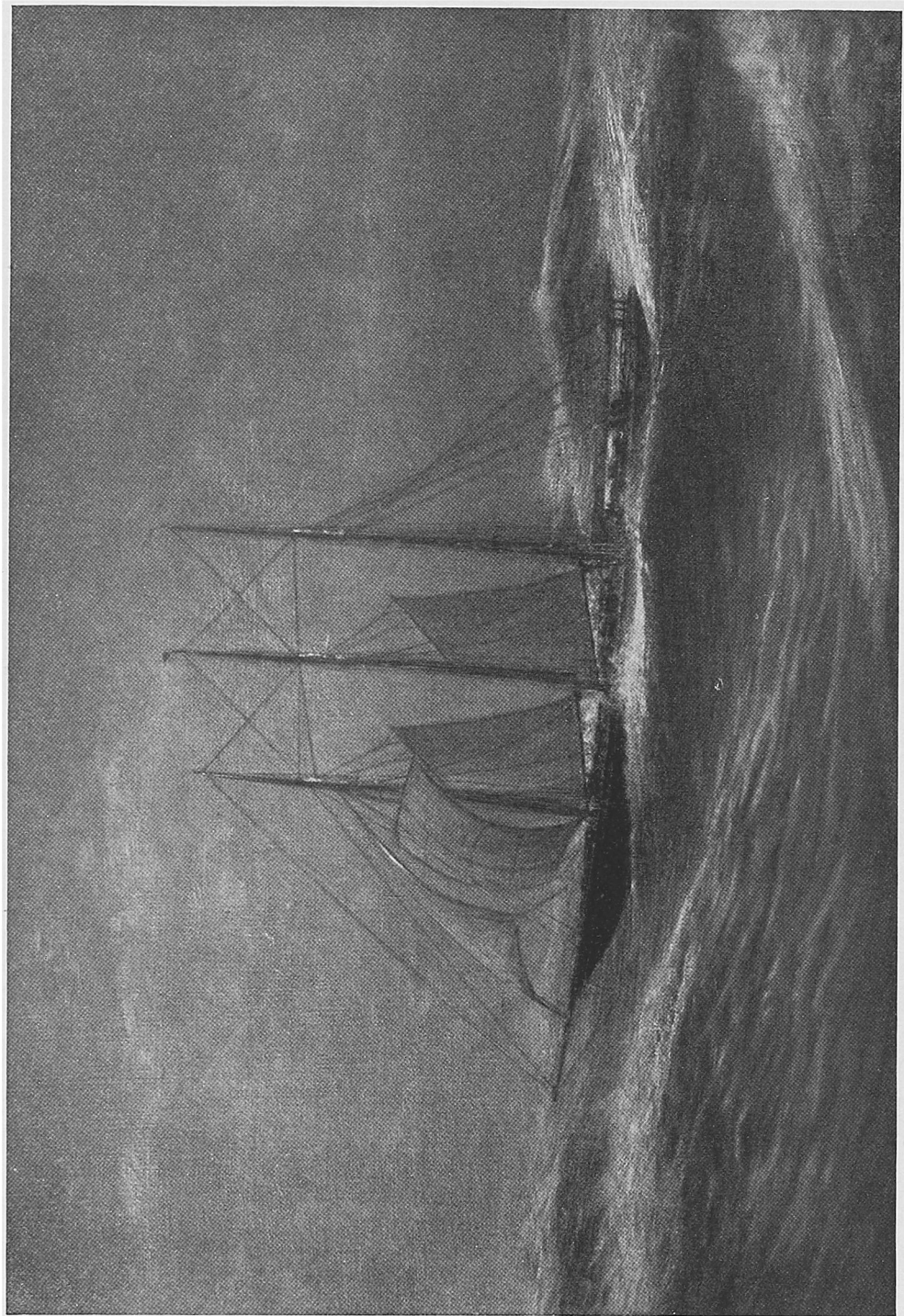
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Atlantic at 5 a. m., May 27, 1905. In the Ocean Race for the German Emperor's Cup.
Owned by Ex-Commodore Wilson Marshall

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A YACHT IN AN OCEAN RACE

SCENE: *The cabin of the three-masted schooner yacht Atlantic, owned by Wilson Marshall, ex-Commodore of the Larchmont Yacht Club.*

TIME: *The night of May 26, 1905, during the race across the ocean for the Kaiser's cup. A council is being held. The vessel is pitching and rolling so heavily that about the only safe place to sit on is the floor. The question under discussion is as to whether Atlantic shall be hove to and ride out the storm, or go on.*

The Sailing Master. Mr. Marshall, you must remember you are responsible for the lives of fifty men.

Captain Barr. Commodore, you must also remember you're racing. It's about as safe to keep on as to heave to.

Commodore Marshall. Keep on. *Atlantic keeps on, and three days later wins the race.*

THE entry in the log of Atlantic at five o'clock the morning following the council reads: "Hoisted double reef foresail and mizzen-sail; set square-sail, set fore-staysail." The yacht was then running in a heavy following sea. It was at this exciting moment—5 A. M., May 27, 1905—that Carlton T. Chapman has represented Atlantic, a picture so successful that the artist is now painting another to hang in Commodore Marshall's residence, the original being in the Larchmont Yacht Club.

There were eleven yachts in the race for the German Emperor's cup, starting from off Sandy Hook, May 17. The course chosen for Atlantic was wisely

not the shortest, for at that time of the year the shortest route—that to the north—presented difficulties which more than equalled the gain in distance. At the time Atlantic is depicted the other yachts had long before spread to the various courses they had marked out for themselves. Some probably were far to the north taking a shorter voyage and others far to the south. Whether they were leading Atlantic or not was a matter which would not be known definitely till the finish. But one thing those aboard did know. From the speed she was making under none too good conditions, the yachts ahead of her, if there were any, were sailing a splendid race.

It was Wednesday afternoon, May 24, when the breeze continued to freshen, that Atlantic began to be put to the test she came through so magnificently. The water roughened rapidly and soon she was plowing along with the spray spurting over her bow. By nightfall it was a very stiff breeze. The sea was running high. All night the blow lasted, and all day Thursday. The yacht was well reefed, but carrying every ounce of sail that seemed safe. Thursday noon the day's run stood 282 miles dead reckoning (latitude 46 degrees 33 minutes, longitude 33 degrees 30 minutes, course north, 70 degrees east). In the afternoon the sea and wind continued to increase. Try-sails were set on the fore and mizzen, and oil-bags hung over the bow. Time and again the waves washed the deck and foamed noisily in the scuppers. "We were making good headway and took no unnecessary risks," said Commodore Marshall, later. "There was no danger except of a fall on the slippery deck, and the panorama of the running sea was a great sight. It was fine sailing, the kind to make one glad one is alive. Atlantic behaved as I have seen her behave under similar conditions, riding the sea easily, never wrenching nor slapping. Her critics who call her merely a light-weather boat should have seen her that night and the next morning."

All day Friday the blow continued with high seas breaking into white crests all about the yacht. Oil-bags were hung along the starboard side, yet the sea often came over the side, and for a time the steersmen were lashed to the wheel to make sure of their safety. But with Captain Barr's

skillful handling, the yacht shaped up splendidly. The day's run reckoned Friday noon, was 268 miles (latitude 45 degrees 58 minutes, longitude 26 degrees 48 minutes, course north, 71 degrees east).

This fine, exciting bit of sailing lasted till the middle of the forenoon Saturday, when wind and sea gradually diminished. By noon the reefs were shaken out, the mainsail was hoisted, and Atlantic was running like a scared deer.

Monday morning those aboard Atlantic knew that they were fairly certain of crossing the line that day, and were all ready for a final race to the Lizard. It was fine and clear and a free light breeze was blowing, but no yachts appeared. Soon they saw the Scilly islands, but the wind died away to a dead calm and the yacht drifted slowly, monotonously toward the goal. The day's run at noon amounted to 282 miles. All that morning they were watching the westward horizon for sails, and it was not until an English vessel came up and told them that Atlantic was the first yacht in that the suspense was relieved. There was some cheering then, everyone on board joining. Every inch of sail was spread, but the canvas shook in the idle air. A little gust of wind helped along occasionally, and at last convoyed by many friendly vessels Atlantic slipped past the Pfeil—the German cruiser which acted as stake-boat—in the brightness of the Lizard light and to the sound of a salute from one of the cruiser's guns and the whistles of neighboring tugs and launches. Atlantic set her signal lights and did some more cheering, and the race for the Kaiser's cup was over.